



the LEATHERNECK

Vol. 7, No. 44

WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 25, 1924

Five Cents

NEW YORK BARRACKS DANCE

All records were broken for attendance at the first of our winter series of dances under the supervision of Sgt. Maj. John W. Thorp. We have always had a large gathering but never over 300 couples until last Saturday evening. This dance brought forth 820 people and what I mean it was more than we expected; but thanks to the combined efforts of Sergeant Major Thorp, Post Exchange Steward John C. Ferguson, Mess Sgt. John Klein, 1st Sgt. Patrick A. Mongeon and the different committees that were organized, and last but not least, Staff Sergeant Lawyer, who spent most of his spare time in making different electrical devices, such as glaring headlight of colored lights for the orchestra, a frame which indicated the different dances by a turn of the switch and electrical streamers of colored lights throughout the dance hall. Sergeant Lawyer has always been in charge of the lighting system and one cannot praise him too highly for his work in helping to make the affair one grand and glorious success.

To explain just what is meant by hearty cooperation at this post one must visit the barracks. For example, at the last minute we were notified that we could not have Building No. 10, our regular dance building. Thanks to the quick action of Captain Mehlinger and 1st Lieutenant Keimling, arrangements were made for another building. An hour later general assembly was sounded and after about three hours the empty building was transformed into a well decorated ballroom with a highly polished dance floor. Everyone dug in and did his little bit without waiting for orders.

The dancing started at 8:30 p. m. The famous Danzig with his New York Society Orchestra furnished the music. At about 10 p. m. yours truly, who was acting Floor Manager, tried to have a Paul Jones, but what a crowd! Well, we all had a lot of fun trying. At 11 p. m. our own PFC. Davis offered a little step dancing which was followed by PFC. Janda, the Post Jester, in what we called a Slow Motion Picture Dance, and believe me, he sure did put it over well. Miss Harris then volunteered to sing a couple of jazz numbers, which went over well. The next number was rendered by Miss Held, and speak about your dainty soubrette! Well, she takes the cake. Miss Stucco, whose voice is often heard over the radio, sang a couple of numbers that pleased the crowd. All

(Continued on page 11)

GOSSIP FROM THE CRESCENT CITY

When 1st Sgt. Everett Brewer retired, the authorities at Washington saw it was altogether fitting and proper that a man should fill Brewer's shoes who knew all the duties of a First Sergeant, and could handle a command. So 1st Sgt. Harry Richard was ordered from the Marine Barracks, Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., to take over the reins here. Sergeant Richard arrived a few days ago and is keeping the Post in full swing. He being an old-timer, many should remember him.

Quite a few changes have taken place since the arrival of 1st Sergeant Richard. The guard duty has changed. Instead of the corporals of the guard and the privates on post doing 8 on and 20 off, they are now doing 4 on and 8 off for 24 hours then they have 2 "FULL" days off. Pretty good some call it.

Due to the fact that the duty duckers (including the musics) do not like to be disturbed during the night, all special duty men and trumpeteers are now quartered in what is known as No. 2 Squad Room.

The Junior Officers' quarters are practically completed, and when painted, will look very nifty, in fact will compare favorably with any dwelling in the yard.

With the firing of the last detail for record on the Shrewsbury Rifle Range, the Range has been closed for the season as far as the Marines are concerned.

We regret the loss of Pvt. James R. Rinehardt who was honorably discharged by reason of expiration of enlistment a few days ago. His absence will be missed keenly, because he was a fine soldier and was considered about the best marksman of the Barracks. Rinehardt accompanied our Rifle Team to Parris Island and Quantico this year.

Pvt. Gordon H. Pugh who has been one of our consistent night telephone operators of the Local Board for quite a while, was recently paid off with an honorable discharge. Pugh was always following all kinds of sports, and was known for his wise cracks.

Quite a number of ex-Marines were on the station last Sunday and witnessed our boys come from behind and trounce the Elks in a Post Season baseball game to the tune of 8 to 7.

Pvt. Britt R. Thomley having spent a 30-day furlough with home folks near Bay Mauette, Ala., has returned to the station.

Pfc. J. C. Condeosky joined this Post recently from Quantico via transfer.

TPTR. DEWITT T. CAIN.

DEAR MABEL

Marine Barracks, Navy Yard,
Norfolk, Va., Oct. 16, 1924.

Dear Mabel:

Well Mabel I hasnt writ to you in some time as I has been over to Germany to bring the Z-3 home and as I arrived OK I will pen you a few lines on my trusty typewriter before even I write to the President and tell him how I brought the Z-3 home: Of coarse you know if the Z-3 was wrecked as all the other ones has been Germany would haf to stand hafe the damage and as hafe the cost of a Zeppelin is more than all the money in Germany they told the U. S. that they would not play unless they sends me over to bring her here safely, which of coarse I done. Then before I went to Germany I was busy helping Harris makin New York no fit place to live in after the world serious. Howsomever here I am and I must tell you of the footballs team we has here. Of coarse you know it would be the best team practicaly in the US as I am the coach. Well we starts out the season playing with the Naval Hospital and I means somethin when I says playing with them. We beats them 19 to none in 32 minutes and uses all the second team. I didnt play myself as they is not strong enough in fack I dont play till we play Jail or Yarvard. We makes 15 first downs against the Hospital and they dont make none. The next Saturday we plays the U. S. S. Langley and they dont make no first downs wich is strange as they is down all the time but I guess the Referee dont like them. We beats them 25 to none in 40 minutes. The third game wich was last Saturday we plays the U. S. Scouting Fleet which is the best in the Navy and is going to play Quantico and the Army next month. Well they comes over to the Barracks with 4 full teams (no not that kind of full) and is doped by every body includin the Sport writers to beat is about 30 to none and then run in the 2nd 3rd and 4th team to make it unanimos. Well somethin is rong somewere as their 2nd and 3rd and 4th team dont get in the game and when they 5000 gobs and all the people of Portsmouth, Norfolk and Pig Point come to the game is over and the score is 7 to 7. At that we gets a bad break from the referee or we wouldst have won. The Scoutin Fleet was 2 to 1 favorite in the bettin before the game but I dont have no bets down as I have lost all my money already bettin on the French horse SPINACH, but

(Continued on page 2)

PUGET SOUND RIPPLES

Well, after a long lay off we come to print again. This time a little better than before.

Col. Gamborg Andreson left for Guam and was relieved by Major Willis as Commanding Officer.

Captain Tracy has returned from leave and the Command welcomes him back to the fold. He is a fine officer and is liked by every one in the command. Gunnery Sergeant Mullins and Lieutenant Kaluf left for the big noise in San Diego and we hope they will return. (The big noise referred to is the little job they may have to do in China.)

We sure lost a coming Champ when our Heavy went to the *Tennessee* but we all hope he will knock the Fleet Champ for a row when he meets him. It looks like a big year for our basketball team this year. We had a good team last year and although we lost a few games that fact will make the team fight all the harder this year to make a perfect record.

Lieut. Joseph L. Moody is going to the ammunition depot and we sure hate to lose him. He is a fine officer and has helped the post a great deal in athletics. Our short timer column would fill a page, and among the notable ones are Swede Larsen of the Alligator Club, Bugs Roloff, Chief of the Boilermakers; Happy Schliep, Garage Flunkie, and Ashean Reavis, the Shiek of Charleston.

Talk about your scoffers, we have them right here, and will put them up against the best in the Marine Corps. Sublette, our Champ, can scoff more than a tramp at a pie contest and Jack Frost is his challenger for the title. The big battle took place in Mr. Seoffup's place at 12 o'clock. After the few preliminaries Frost was the first in the ring. A mighty cheer shook the Stadium. Betting was two to one on Frost. About five minutes later the Champ crawled the ropes. He was given a light hand. First round: Frost came out strong with two steaks and a platter of spuds. Sublette came back with a dozen pies and five cups of coffee. Even. Second round: Sublette led with a dozen cans of olives and weakened Frost when he made his big spurt of twenty rations of ice cream. He knocked out Frost when he drank a pot of coffee, retaining his title.

Well boys, this is about all and outside of the dances and good times up here there is nothing else to print. So long until next time.

TPTR. E. F. ROLOFF.

(Continued from page 1)

then as the old English sporting editor Shakespear used to say, you cant eat your pudding when you aint got none. In the scout fleet game the gobs make 6 frost downs and we makes 10. Wee Hall, Big Alexander, Owens and Bukowy was the stars for the Marines. The hole backfield for the Fleet was plenty good. Well for next Saturday we had a game with The Norfolk Firemen wich is the best professional team down here and wich be beat last year and took all their money so they couldnt have no fires in Norfolk all winter as the firemen has their equipment in hock and couldnt put any fires out, but after we holds the fleet to a tie the Firemen deicides they dont want none of our stuff and says

they wont play us unless we gets Eccles to referee and Tiny Maxwell to umpire and as Eccles is working the Yale Dartmouth game Saturday and Maxwell is dead and they know it I guess they wont be no game. Howsomever we has a delegation of Marines over in Norfolk now poring hot water on the Firemens feet so maybe they will be all right soon, any way Mabel I will let you know in my next.

Yours

JACK KEEFE 2ND.

The favor football finds in the eyes of military commanders is not without precedent. The Duke of Wellington once said: "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the football field of Eton."

HAT ETIQUETTE PROVES EM-BARRASSING

An unwritten law of the Marine Corps, or perhaps it is a written one, decrees that Marines shall not remove their hats when they are armed and on duty. It was through deference to this law that a Marine nettled the presiding judge when he appeared in a Boston court recently and did not remove his hat, according to several Boston newspapers.

Naval regulations, the Marine protested, require that a man on duty, with holstered gun and leggings, must not remove his hat at any time. Captain F. C. Cushing of the Marine Barracks advised him to comply with the orders of

(Continued on page 8)



On the Tartar City Wall

An oasis of courage and sacrifice in the midst of a sea of fanatical hatred—the foreign legations in the beleaguered city of Peking during the Boxer Rebellion in 1900.

As the thunder of the advancing Allied forces outside the city walls drew ever nearer, the position of the faithful few within the gates of the foreign legations became more desperate. Soldiers of America, England and the other great nations, bound together by the common danger, fought to hold the Boxers at bay until relief should come.

Early in the morning of July third, Captain John T. Myers, U. S. M. C., who was in command of the marines inside the city, led a party of American, English and Russian troops in a desperate endeavor to clear the Chinese barricades from the top of the Tartar City Wall, which lay close to the legations.

In the face of vastly superior numbers, the columns swept along, the marines leading, over and through the barricades until the enemy was completely routed and the legations relieved from immediate danger.

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Tropical Topics

WING TIPS FROM HAITI

Our activities for the last month have been many and varied as per usual but several of outstanding prominence can be brought to notice with this issue.

All the Squadron as well as the entire Marine Aviation extends congratulations to Capt. Francis P. Mulcahy who in our recent Gunnery and Bombing exercises obtained the highest individual score in the Navy in his machine gun shooting from a DH 4B. This record was personally observed by the Secretary of the Navy who in a personal letter congratulated Captain Mulcahy. We are all justly proud to have such a record in our Squadron here as well as such an expert shot. Captain Mulcahy is well known to all the Marine Corps as one of our first pilots in the World War and many victories are credited to him. We all wish him the best of success in his next performance when we hold the Bombing here again and hope that he will equal his score.

In September we lost many men of this Squadron and also on October 9 a detail of 14 men left for the good old U. S. A. While we are always glad to know that the men will return to their homes after these long tropical cruises, nevertheless, it means that a lot of hard work and responsibility is thrust onto the shoulders of the "gang" that remain. But everyone is putting his shoulder to the wheel and the old Squadron is moving right along. We never miss a mail trip to the hills and an emergency call is always answered no matter what time it comes. Preparedness and efficiency is the motto of this Squadron.

In the inter-regimental Athletic Meet held in the City of Port au Prince last month Aviation came to the fore as usual. Corp. Lawrence E. Haddock, a recent arrival, brought with him all the pep and vigor of the States and cleaned up in several events. Notably was his hop skip and jump which measured 43 feet and 2 inches. If they had any longer tapes Haddock said that he would have jumped further. However, as he

placed first easily he didn't worry. Corporal Tefft also performed in the running events and with some careful training which we intend to give him for the next meet, we intend to place him first in all running events. Our baseball players did not have a chance to perform in the inter-Regimental Meet as a unit but went in with the Additional Troop team and placed second in the long run. Which was not so bad considering that the Eighth Regiment had intended to clean up at the meet. Everyone knows what they did.

Wednesday evening, October 8, for the benefit of the men who were returning to the States the next day on the old standby, U. S. S. "Kittery," we held a smoker on our tennis court. A boxing ring was built and as soon as 6:30 came the fun began. The bouts of the evening were many and varied and the most fun of all was obtained from a "battle royal" staged by ten Haitien youngsters, who disregarded all boxing rules and regulations and took us back to the days of John L. It looked for a while like a civil war in Haiti until one by one the dusky warriors hit the deck. After this, several exhibition bouts were staged and some pretty good "speed and form" was shown. "Baldy Grayson" said that his bout was an exhibition and the only alibi that he could give for falling so often was that the canvas mat tripped him up. But that didn't get across at all. He is wondering why no one would believe him.

The bouts were followed by refreshments and "chow" which needs no mention as to where it went as there is always a mad rush when the former is mentioned. The committee, whom we thank for the success of the affair, was composed of "Chick" Reynolds, our latest arrival in the land of eternal sunshine, "Baldy Grayson," "Hank" Meachem and his nibs, the Sergeant Major. Everyone has asked when the next one will be held, so Capt. Louis E. Woods, our new Canteen Officer, took his head out of the books, which take all his time nowadays,

and said that he was willing to put out the smokes every month. So we are all set.

All that we need now is a good bunch of aviators from Quantico, so don't hesitate to see your First Sergeant at the Aviation Field and get your name on the Observation Squadron Two list. No aviator will ever regret coming here for 15 months. There is something doing all the time.

KENNARD F. BUBIER.

MARINE PIPE DREAM NO. 2

A most enjoyable outing was recently given to the enlisted men of Pearl Harbor by the native belles of the Hawaiian Islands. Precisely at 2:30 in the afternoon each Marine was driven by his native chauffeur to Waikiki Beach, where the machines were parked. The native belles then decorated each guest with a wreath, woven in the Hawaiian fashion. The Marines were next escorted to a raised platform, banked with flowers, and seated themselves to witness a series of quaint dances performed by the fair Kanakas in their native costume. Some danced, some played the ukulele, and some just smiled at the Marines. At regular intervals cooling drinks of crushed pineapple were served. Later Duke Kahanamoku and several notable Hawaiian swimmers treated the Marines to an exhibition of surf-board riding. The affair ended with a big banquet at which every costly viand that could be procured in the islands was served. As an appreciation of this hospitality the Marines voluntarily collected a purse of \$1,365, with the stipulation that the money should be expended for the purchase of a statue of Captain Cook, discoverer of the islands. When it grew dusk the Marines bade their hosts a fond farewell, each stepping into his Rolls-Royce amid the cheers of the natives, who showered their guests with roses as they departed.

(Orderly! Take that guy's temperature every half hour, and stand by with the straightjacket!)

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ATM

LEAGUE PAYMASTER MAKES TRIP

While on business for his firm, Paymaster Raymond L. Will of the Marine Corps League, recently visited Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington. In each city he is looking up officials of the Marine Corps League to get first-hand information as to the progress of the several detachments, and to help further the interests of the organization. Mr. Will looks forward to the big reunion in Washington, to be held November 10 and 11, confident that it will be a big success. Mr. Will's headquarters are in New York, where he not only fulfills his duties as Paymaster of the League, but is also an active member of Marine Corps Post, No. 300, of the American Legion.

NEW ORLEANS

Members of the Marine Corps League in New Orleans are looking forward to a good time Tuesday evening, November 4, when a Grand Moonlight River Ride and Dance DeLuxe on the steamer *Capitol* will be given by the New Orleans Detachment.

The following committee was appointed to look after the arrangements for the ride: Advertise, distribute tickets and decorate the boat, Sgt. S. B. Streety, Chairman, Mr. Rufus Webb, Vice-chairman, Capt. Wm. J. J. Elger, Capt. J. H. Nichols, 1st Lieut. A. W. Paul, 1st Sgt. J. W. Peden, Sgt. J. W. Thomas, Mr. A. Kattengell, Mr. John Melling, Mr. C. E. Stauss, Mr. A. C. Schloegel, Mr. L. W. Uhde. One thousand tickets have been printed and can be obtained from any member of the committee or from members of the Marine Recruiting Staff, 535 St. Charles St.

Music for the dance will be furnished by Fate Marable's "12 Gold Harmony

Kings" of St. Louis, with Twin Grand Pianos—an avalanche of melody and rhythm beyond compare.

DAVID R. KILDUFF DETACHMENT

A meeting of the members of the David R. Kilduff Detachment was held in San Francisco on the evening of Tuesday, October 2, and the following officers were elected: Capt. R. B. Dwyer, Commander; Mr. L. A. Pierce, Vice Commander; Staff Sgt. D. B. Porter, Paymaster; Sgt. A. W. Slagter, Adjutant. These officers were elected to serve for six months. Applications and dues for 30 new members have been sent in, bringing the total strength of this Detachment up to 71—with prospects of many more. This is the way San Francisco and the West do things.

WHERE DO EX-MARINES GO?

It is sometimes a matter of speculation as to what is the viewpoint of men who have just been discharged from the Corps and how it changes in the subsequent 3, 6, 9, or 12 months. Of course, some will solemnly say, "Never again!" Does this attitude exist, after their memories of fatigue, guard duty, irksomeness of discipline, etc., have been dulled? It does not seem possible that it does for we only have to go down the streets of any city in the country in "civies," with a discharge button on, to have an occasional old-timer hail us and ask for the latest news, showing that their interest is centered in the Corps.

It is natural that many, after they get out, will secure good positions and marry, to settle down for good. The result, with them, is that further service, in any degree, would be distasteful to them and their families. However, such is not true of all men discharged from

the Corps and it is, undoubtedly true that we can conserve their training, as well as the time and money consumed in perfecting them as Marines. It only remains to decide the best course to follow to accomplish this.

It would seem that the logical method would be to lay out a Reserve Program. Not merely to talk them into listing their names in one of the various classes, as being willing to accept a recall, but to hold them into a semi-active organization, with a nucleus in certain centers and regular weekly or monthly drill periods. This would prevent their becoming "rusty" on what they know.

It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that the days of military emergency are not over. Sooner, or later, and probably sooner, there will be need again of troops and we may not be in a position to take months to train men. The need will probably be imperative. It is impossible to throw raw recruits into the field and expect them to hold up the traditions of the Corps, or even to make a creditable showing nor should we have to do so. We have the material and all it needs is utilization.

This not only applies to the men but to Reserve Officers as well. They can be led through studies which will equip them to take immediate command of troops at any time. No more than the men, can we expect them to remain in civilian life, year after year, and then make leaders by merely telling them to start out. We cannot afford to take such chances with the lives of the men nor the welfare of the country at large.

All Marines should discontinue the practice of wasting salt in the mess hall. Scientists have found that there is only enough salt in the ocean to cover 700,000 square miles to a depth of one mile.

JOIN THE LEAGUE NOW AND COME TO THE CONVENTION NOVEMBER 11

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

TO THE NATIONAL ADJUTANT:

I hereby apply for membership in the Marine Corps League. Application fee enclosed \$1.50.

Name	Address
Nearest Relative	Address
Date of Enlistment	Date of Discharge
Rank on entering service	Still in Service
Regiment	Rank attained
Places of service	Company
Date	Endorsed by

Mail all applications to RAY C. SAWYER, 79 Hamilton Place, New York City, or where Detachment is organized, mail to Detachment Adjutant.



U. S. S. RICHMOND OFFICER'S DIARY OF WORLD FLIGHT

(Continued)

Next day the weather was ideal at Scapa Flow but the forecast along the line of flight was not so promising. The *Raleigh* was stationed at Hornafjord, Iceland, and the *Reid* midway between there and Sydero Island in the Faroes where the *Billingsley* was doing duty. They kept us informed of the weather conditions on their stations and were standing by in case of a forced landing. Smith and Wade decided to hop off anyhow and made a perfect start about 9.30. The *Richmond* was well on her way to Reykjavik again, having gone back to Scapa Flow so the two who turned back would have a place to sleep, when a message came through from the *Billingsley* announcing that Wade had had to make a forced landing and was in need of immediate assistance. There followed then some real snappy work—within fifteen minutes we had a message at the British Air Ministry in London, one on the way to the States, and the rest of the ships notified and given orders; in less than an hour we had worked up to thirty knots from fifteen which meant forcing the cold boilers just out into the limit. In addition we had our two planes ready to hop off to assist in the search as soon as we got within striking distance. As we steamed along to Wade's approximate position the weather got worse and worse, the visibility decreasing and the wind freshening. The *Billingsley*, coming down from the northward, reported similar conditions; to add to the general situation, the *Reid* reported Smith overdue and not in sight with vile weather at her station. Official despatches were flying back and forth like the ball in a hard fought tennis match and the press representatives were filing two hundred words apiece every time some fresh dope came in. Things were looking bad until 1600 when the *Raleigh* reported Smith's passing and safe arrival. He had not even seen the *Reid* so was D—lucky to have held to his course. Just a few minutes later the *Billingsley* gave us a flash that she had sighted the plane in tow of a

trawler whereupon all hands gave a sigh of relief. We had already launched one of our planes in a rotten seaway—it couldn't get off the water which added to the difficulties. The destroyer took the Army plane in tow while we were having a helluva time getting ours aboard again without smashing it up. Finally got the Army plane alongside and tried to hoist it in with the boom used on our own light planes. Got the two aviators aboard and began heaving around. The weight of the plane plus the heavy rolling of the ship caused the topping lift of the aviation boom to carry away, dropping the plane about five feet into the water. When the heavy boom crashed down into the pontoons, Wade and Ogden winced as though they had been struck rather than the plane. The Captain decided then to blow up what was left of it as we were drifting down into a lee shore and the weather conditions really were getting serious. That decision caused the two aviators so much pain that the Captain changed his mind and tried to tow the plane to safety. Worked it aft and proceeded at four knots all night. When almost within sight of a sheltered bay in Sydero Island the towing bridle pulled out and the plane turned over, sinking almost immediately. That news almost broke the aviators' hearts—they were still hoping right up to the last to be able to effect repairs and continue with the others. We picked up speed then and shaped a course for Reykjavik for the third time.

Reykjavik, Iceland, August 10—It took thirty-six hours to clear all the press despatches. The Gunner took the key at 2300 the third—at 0700 he had sent 4000 words of press besides quite a few official despatches. He called me then for the next twenty-four hours duty. I stayed up all that day and night of August 4-5 clearing up the rest of it. Turned in with Cape Portland in sight and the fliers en route from Hornafjord. At 1300 one of the radiomen awakened me with the glad tidings that the main antenna had just carried away in the gale that was blowing, so there must have been something to my dream after all. Heaved out to find things in an awful mess with the ship listed fifteen

by the force of the wind. Couldn't do anything to the antenna then so stood around waiting for the planes to be sighted. As soon as they landed in the inner harbor we stood on in and anchored. It was still blowing a gale but the ship had no motion to her. The Exec. came dashing up and gave orders to get started right away on the antenna. As none of the radiomen seemed particularly anxious to lay aloft to clear away the few fittings that hadn't come down I didn't feel like ordering any of them up, not knowing whether or not I would do it myself. To settle the question I said "Come on" to the Chief and started up with two pairs of pliers. Believe me, brother that was some job. One hundred and eighty feet above the water on the end of a little steel yard with the wind doing its damnedest to blow us off and the temperature down to the freezing point. Had a hard time turning loose of the rigging once we got a good hold on it. Some boot had painted the threads on the shackle bolt I was trying to cast off which made a five minute job last half an hour. At any rate had the whole works back in commission in time for the evening schedule. Since then have been standing by for the situation in Greenland to straighten itself out. Sent the *Raleigh* over yesterday morning to make a reconnaissance by sea plane.

And we are standing by in a mean dump. Iceland is dry except for light wines and beer and it is too cold to drink beer.

The Radio Gang is the only outfit doing any work. We all went shoreside the second afternoon to look over the shops and we were all well supplied with anti-pneumonia tonic. Had dinner in the hotel and then the fun started. Afraid that the nine o'clock closing hour would catch them short, everyone bought in large quantities with the rate of exchange being very favorable. It was remindful of some of the old scenes back in the old days in the Metropole. However, it soon broke up and we returned to the ship. Runyon is the biggest kicker in the crowd as he has a wonderful stable in New York going to the devil from lack of attention.

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CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

Such was the metallic accompaniment to which the knights of old marched forth to scenes of conquest.

History is about to repeat itself.

We may now expect to see gallant "Leathernecks" and Gobs strutting along in time with the same metallic clink, clink, clink. Not the clink of armor it is true; and the stirring accompaniment will probably be very faint during the long intervals between Paydays. But what an inspiring, heart-warming clink it will be while it lasts! The clink of cartwheels, the symphony of silver dollars, the rattle of riches in their pockets!

Nobody loves a silver dollar, nor a two-dollar bill. At least so it seems to the Treasury officials who have watched them accumulate from year to year. So, at last, they have sent out a call for help.

That the Navy Department, including the Marine Corps, is hurrying to the rescue (as usual), is indicated by the instructions that have just been issued to Navy and Marine Corps paymasters, requesting that whenever practicable they shall substitute silver dollars and two-dollar bills for the one-dollar bills that have been used customarily in making payments of amounts less than five dollars.

Fortunately the use of fives, tens and twenties is not to be discontinued. Even so, it is rumored that the Quartermaster is considering the adoption of a strong and specially designed pocket for the Marine Corps uniform.

Several helpful suggestions have been received. One is that the Treasury Department grant permission to bore a hole through the center of each cart-wheel for the insertion of an axle. They could then be rolled very handily to the nearest movie show, or corner drugstore, or wherever it is that Marines dispose of

their money on Payday. Another suggestion, received with a full set of drawings, shows how they might easily be converted into roller skates and thus become an AID to locomotion, rather than a HINDRANCE. The trade mark suggested for this device was: "No money, no skate on."

The great disadvantage of the two-dollar bill is the tendency to give it out in mistake for a "one," and walking off without the change. But, who ever heard of a Marine waiting for the change from a two-dollar-bill on Payday!

REUBEN HALE.

SAIL HO!

The Colorado Lookout is a great booster of football and expresses the exact sentiment of THE LEATHERNECK whenever it boosts service athletics. The following is quoted: "To furnish an incentive in the way of competition the Iron Man has been provided as a prize to the ship having the greatest number of athletic credits at the end of the fiscal year."

U. S. S. California Cub starts off with a heading "Bears Hot for Iron Man." We judge from all this discussion that the Iron Man is causing a lot of competition. The Idaho Yarn comes along and headlines "We want the Iron Man." Also, in smaller type, "Help win the Iron Man. Your support shows the teams that their efforts are appreciated."

On October 11, 1924, the Arizona led in the race for the Iron Man with 135 points. Pennsylvania was second with 120 points and California was third with 100 points. Come on all of you. THE LEATHERNECK is watching with interest.

ADMINISTRATIVE
QUERY BOX

Q. Can a man transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve when he has twelve years' active service but still has one more year to do on his last enlistment? Does previous reserve service count as to pay or anything else?

A. All my enlistments are in the U. S. M. C. as follows: March 11, 1905, to March 10, 1909. May 29, 1909, to June 4, 1913. Enrolled in the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Class 1 (B) July 26, 1917, to July 25, 1921. I was on active duty on this enrollment from August 1, 1917, to August 12, 1919. Re-enrolled July 28, 1921. Discharged for my own convenience April 23, 1923. Re-enlisted on my present enlistment April 24, 1923. Would also like to know what pay that would give me as Private first class, and would the four years I have in the reserve doing inactive duty count toward pay. If I can transfer into the Marine Corps Reserve tell me how to go about it.

A. The Act of May 31, 1924, to which your letter evidently refers, did not affect the requirements for transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve, as outlined in Paragraph 1402, Marine Corps Manual.

You will note that transfer to the Reserve on completion of 16 years or 20

years' service, classes 1 (c) and 1 (d), respectively, calls for ACTIVE naval service. Your inactive service in the Reserve could not be counted.

For class 1 (b), however, both active and inactive duty would count. Ordinarily you would receive \$12 per year, retainer pay. But, if you were confirmed in your rating, and if you were ordered to report for a month's active duty for training each year, you would be entitled to two month's base pay per year, plus 25 per cent for every four years of additional service (either active or inactive).

Your base pay as Private first class is \$30 per month. Twelve years service would entitle you to a 75 per cent increase and would bring it up to \$52.50 per month. Two month's pay per year would amount to two times this sum, or \$105.00.

Applications for transfer to the Reserve must be addressed to the Major General Commandant, and must be forwarded to him through official channels.

It will be necessary for you to be discharged from your current enlistment before you can enroll in Class 1 (b) Marine Corps Reserve.

THE DOPE SHEET

ALLOTMENTS FOR INSURANCE

For the benefit of company commanders and first sergeants concerned with the making up of allotment forms for the men in their companies, the following extract is quoted from a letter of instruction issued by the Paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps, with reference to allotments in favor of the Director of the U. S. Veterans Bureau:

"* * * To prevent undue delay caused by returning allotment forms for correction, it is requested that in all future cases where voluntary allotments are granted payable to the Director, U. S. Veterans Bureau, that the allottee be designated as follows:

- The Director,
U. S. Veterans Bureau,
Washington, D. C.
1. (Repay Loan)
2. (Converted Insurance)
3. (Term Insurance)."

Those officers who are being checked 20 per cent of their pay in liquidation of overpaid allowance for dependents, in accordance with ALNAV 24, will be interested in ALNAV 33 which amends ALNAV 24 so as to require the checkage at the rate of 20 per cent of both pay and allowances. Any checkages accomplished heretofore under the provisions of ALNAV 24 that include 20 per cent of pay only, are now to be modified to include pay and allowances. If accounts have been transferred, requests for checkage will be sent to the paymaster now carrying the accounts, with full explanations. In cases where the checkage of 20 per cent has not included allowances, checkage now made to include allowances for such period must be checked against the 80 per cent of pay and allowances payable to the officer.

THIS GLORIOUS WAR

This is merrie month when frost is on pumpkin and grape is on vine, according to dope found in books read when mother was a girl, and it may still be true. We'll vouch for frost. May not be same old frost, but has same peculiar properties as old brand.

This is also month when chestnut is in the burr, and the b-r-r-r is in the air, and other nuts are on chests in pursuit of piece of rubber in pig's clothing.

Going further, this is also month when radiators are on blink, and coal dealer is on make. More power to former and none at all to latter.

About this time propaganda regarding Santa Claus is being spread about by unsuspecting parents to suspecting small fry. Youngster begins to wonder about cubical capacity of stocking, and father about factor of stress and strain as related to currency of realm.

This is season when cellars resound with loud explosions due to slight error in chemical formulas, and unsuspecting innocent red apples which once were placed upon teacher's desk by tiny tots are now being seduced by villainous farmers into breaking the law.

National sport also changes with thermometer. Week ago country tried to keep cool while nine men pulled 'round sphere out of air. Now nation is trying to keep warm while eleven men dig elongated sphere out of mud.

National animal has changed from horse to pig. Man called miracle man of baseball is selling bonds. Those who called the Goose the national bird have shifted allegiance to Turkey. Greatest pitcher of all times has gone back to Reno to get a divorce from baseball. What's wrong with that pitcher?

Innocent looking individuals who sat in bleachers and munched crackerjack while Johnson, the Giant Killer, did his stuff, have sewed pillows into pants and are trying to see who can make other birds with balloon tires vulcanized into breeches sit down hardest.

History tells us that ten thousand males will now explain the difference between a quarterback and a gas meter to ten thousand females, and will elucidate on the question as to whether or not Hunchback of Notre Dame ever made the All-American. Two thousand new fedora hats will be mashed into cocked hats by unintroducted persons directly in

rear. One thousand four hundred and fifty-three pedal extremities will suffer tortures from chilling blasts proceeding from North. Nine hundred and one hip pockets will be torn loose from moorings. Sixty-three birds who used to play football when the fullback wore sideburns will be authorized to run around the field in white flannels and blow tin whistles while twenty-two men tackle them by mistake. Twenty-one old ladies will object to language from contiguous persons, and eleven newspapers will simultaneously discover coach who offers prayer before game.

Sports writers will cease dodging foul balls, will dose up fountain pens with anti-freeze solution, and will begin to wonder if concrete stadiums still resist heat and pressure from above.

Typewriters are being overhauled to accommodate new football vocabulary. Man who told how shortstop McGoofus made nifty stop of McWhiffus's hot grasser will now pull out tremolo stop and relate how when dusk was falling fast, and the full moon was casting her radiance over the gridiron, Bill Heckenbiffer, the leviathan guard on dear old Varsity, broke through the straining crimson line, leapt high into the cool air of evening, and, crashing his right fist into the opposing fullback's eye, snatched the oval from his grasp, and ran ninety-nine yards for a touchdown.

E. A. F.

"WELL, HANK!"

In which we burst forth with the second of a series of the Iowa hick's epistles—if Ye Ed. and the readers will stand for it.

By ALF ALPHA

Pal Hank:

Well, Hank, I see by your letter that you're still cruising on the U. S. S. "Outside," as the Marines call it, but you had better hurry up and ship in this outfit before you get too old for them to take you.

Of course, I don't need to tell you anything about the hike, Hank, if you've been reading the copies of THE LEATHERNECK I sent you. Wasn't that a dirty trick for them to publish my letter to you; I wonder how they got hold of it—but I don't think they will grab this one off for publication.

I just got back from another "72" (72 hours furlough, more or less) in Washington. Hank, I want to tell you that that's one heluva town. Of course, being the Capital and all it should be A No. 1, but I expected it would be better than it really is. The only trouble was, Hank, I didn't get much further than the Union Station this time as some slicker picked my pockets in the depot and left me only two bits and my

return ticket to Quantico. So my "72" turned out to be about a "4" as I had to grab the next train back to Quantico and three square meals served regularly each day. In return for my promptness I was rewarded by being put on messman duty by my old friend the "Top" to see that the "chow" was put out regularly, with me doing all the dirty work in putting out said "chow." Oh, well, I'm used to that sort of a stunt by this time.

As I told you I was going to do, Hank, I put in an application for transfer to sea (also see—see all you can) duty when we got back to Quantico. Well, my arch enemy the, by this time well known to you, "Top" (First Sergeant) just told me that I could go to sea all right, as Parris Island was right near the sea and I was on a detail for that place. Well the word has got about that the Parris Island detail is all specially selected men and that they are all to be made Corporals and Sergeants just as soon as they get there and that they are going to instruct "boots" (recruits), so I guess I won't be so bad off after all as they don't have any long-distance hikes down there anyway. So maybe it will soon be Corporal O'Brien's or Sergeant O'Brien—who knows?

I was going to go out for the football team here. You know, Hank, I used to be pretty good at left end at High. But I took a couple of looks at Lieutenant Goettge hitting the line and decided that I had better not if I wanted to leave Quantico intact. So I compromised with myself by joining Sol Levinsky's boxing squad and all I have collected in the line of boxing instruction to date is two (2) black eyes, two (2) sprained wrists and six (6) sprained fingers; you know, Hank, when I get real excited my nose bleeds and somehow or other every time I put on the gloves with someone my probiscus (that's a hot word, eh, Hank?) would just gush red, so I had to give up the boxing. Gee, but some of these guys around here are hard!

Well, Hank, my next letter will most likely be from Parris Island as I leave with a detail for there next Tuesday. Tell the gang around Simpson's that I'll get a furlough as soon as I can raise the money to make it or some of these guys around this Marine Corps learn how to play my game of "red dog" and I can take them into camp. And, Hank, keep your eye peeled on that Sundae-squasher down at the drug store and see that he don't run around with my girl.

Write to me soon.

Your pal,

THOMAS R. O'BRIEN, P. F. C.,
U. S. M. C.,
Marine Barracks,
Quantico, Virginia.

P. S.—Don't forget to address your next letter to Parris Island, Hank.

HEARD IN THE NEXT CELL

"Hello Mose, how long you all in jail for?"

Mose: "Three weeks."

"What did you all do?"

Mose: "Killed my wife."

"And you only got three weeks?"

Mose: "Dat's all—den dey's goin' to hang me."

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OUTFITTERS TO MEN



AND OLD FRIEND CALLS

I'm afraid I've offended Fakespeare. The other day he called at the office, carefully dusted off the plush upholstery of my Morris chair, and made himself comfortable.

It happened to be my busy day, and apart from a rather abrupt "Good morning," I scarcely noticed him.

Apparently time is of little consequence in Fakespeare's life, so he remained slumped low in the chair, his chin resting in his hand, and evidently in deep thought.

Perhaps for 15 or 20 minutes he sat perfectly silent. He may have remained there indefinitely had I not spoken.

"You'll pardon my lack of courtesy, Fakespeare," I said, "but really I'm up to my neck in work this morning. Could you—er—call at, say—some more convenient time?"

Slowly and deliberately Fakespeare spoke:

"I merely seek the moments to beguile By resting here in solitude a while."

If Fakespeare was looking for "solitude," he got it! For a full hour more I paid not the slightest attention to him. His presence, however, each minute was becoming more embarrassing. Finally I felt compelled to speak. Paraphrasing a well known author, I addressed him:

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
Please shove off until tomorrow."

Fakespeare arose with the utmost dignity, stalked majestically toward the door, and sweeping his hat to the deck in a courtly gesture he bade me adieu, saying:

"A goodly mind that is with wisdom stored
Can get such comfort knowledge doth afford;

But if it lacks the wisdom that you need,
When left alone, it is alone, indeed!"

Ever since Fakespeare blew out the door I've been thinking about that last wise crack of his. I wonder if that guy was kidding me?

♦ ♦ ♦

EVER NOTICE IT?

With Pay Day distant and remote,
There always are some ducks
Who ask you, just to get your goat,
"How's chances for five bucks?"

BY HASH MARK

OUR OWN QUERY DEPARTMENT

Our correspondents are becoming more and more insistent that we reply to their letters. In order to relieve the public tension, we will do so at once.

Q. Will you please give me an illustration of the law of "Cause and Effect?"—*Scientist.*

Ans. Going to sleep while on post is a "cause." Getting locked up in the brig is an immediate "effect."

Q. Should a Marine marry before he thoroughly understands women?—*Love-lorn.*

Ans. He'd better, if he don't want to die a bachelor.

Q. Are Marines foolish enough to borrow money?—*Curious.*

Ans. Yes, if they can find anybody foolish enough to lend it.

Q. A matrimonial agency has recommended an ex-Marine as a desirable husband. What should I do?—*Katie S.*

Ans. Cancel the order. Or else have him shipped C. O. D. at your own risk.

Q. In what State are most Marine recruits found?—*Statistician.*

Ans. In a state of complete financial embarrassment.

Q. Will you please tell me what makes Puget Sound?—*Bremerton Ike.*

Ans. That's easy. If you walk along the beach you can hear the breakers.

Q. A bets B that Vanderbilt will win. B bets A the Marines will win. C holds A and B's bet, and refuses to pay either A or B because neither A or B won. Who wins?—*Football Fan.*

Ans. C wins.

Q. Two weeks ago I got a severe jam. Since then my back action is slow, my

belt is loose, my feed isn't functioning and my sight is impaired. What should I do?—*Quantico.*

Ans. If you refer to a machine gun, see a gunnery sergeant. If you're speaking of yourself, beat it to the Sick Bay at once.

♦ ♦ ♦

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

The Non-Com. had fallen in love with the Company Commander's daughter, and it was with fear and trembling that he approached the father to ask the all-important question. The Company Commander was a former enlisted man who had risen from the ranks through sheer ability and force of character. The Non-Com. was an altogether worthy and ambitious young man with an excellent record.

"So you want to marry my daughter?" said the father.

"Yes, sir," admitted the Non-Com., "if you will grant your permission."

"And how do you expect to support her on a non-commissioned officer's pay?"

"Pardon me, sir," said the Non-Com., "but if I remember rightly, you got married when you were an enlisted man."

"Sure I did," said the C. C., "but I lived off my father-in-law, and I'm darned if you're going to do that."

♦ ♦ ♦

(Continued from page 2)

the court officer. Thereupon the Marine returned to the courtroom with his hat off, and later returned to the U. S. S. Receiving Ship at the Charlestown Navy Yard with a sailor who had been released by the court.

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A.T.M.

Lieut. Emory Larsen—end and center—Captain of the Marine team in 1921 and All-American center that year. Larsen was held back by injuries the last two years while playing on the Marine team but appears to be in the form this year which gained him his reputation at the Naval Academy.



QUANTICO MARINES DOWN GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON, 6 TO 0

Saturday, October 18, 1924.—(Special for THE LEATHERNECK)—Before a conservatively estimated crowd of 15,000 ardent football fans, with the supporters of the Marines predominant, the All-Marine Eleven downed Georgetown University 6 to 0, by virtue of two field goals, the one a 45-yard drop-kick by Lieut. "Johnny" Groves, and the other a 20-yard placement from an exceedingly difficult angle by Gunnery Sergeant Ryckman.

For our aggregation, the educated toes of both Groves and Ryckman proved valuable enough to pull the fray out of the fire. Neal was the most consistent ground gainer for the Marines. Goettge was evidently off form or out of condition but his well-directed punts helped keep the ball in the enemy territory where it was lodged for about four-fifths of the struggle. No doubt our redoubtable star still carried the injuries received in the recent Vanderbilt game. The entire Marine line was "in and fighting" throughout.

Georgetown was far out-classed by the Marines in the aerial game, the Marines completing many more passes by McQuade, Groves and Goettge than did their rivals.

It was a colorful crowd. The Quantico contingent, some 3,000 strong marched through the center field gate around the field passing the Georgetown stands amid cheers, to the well-known tune of "Semper Fidelis." They took their place in the grandstand. The Georgetown root-

ers exercised their throats with some lusty shouting and singing of their college song. The Marines responded with the well-known Devil Dog growl and The Marines' Hymn. The Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, Maj. Gen. Com. John A. Lejeune, Major General Cole and Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, Smedley D. Butler (Brigadier General U. S. Marine Corps), occupied boxes near the Marine section. General Butler led the Marines in cheering. A rousing reception was given the Director of Public Safety upon being observed by the Marines in the cheering section.

LINE-UP AND SUMMARY

Marines (6)	Pos.	Georgetown (0)
Sanderson	Left End	McGrath
Liversedge	Left Tackle	Jawish
Cercek	Left Guard	Sheehan (C.)
Bailey	Center	Minihan
McHenry	Right Guard	Flynn
Hunt	Right Tackle	Bush
Skinner	Right End	Waite
Groves	Quarterback	Gaffey
Henry	Left Halfback	Hegarty
Ryckman	Right Halfback	DeGassis
McQuade	Fullback	Plansky

Score by quarters:

Marine	3 3 0 0—6
Georgetown	0 0 0 0—0

Substitutes: Marines—Farrell for Sanderson; Wigmore for Cercek; Larson for Bailey; Levinsky for McHenry; Braugher for Hunt; Kyle for Swinner; Goettge for Groves; Neal for Henry; Chambers for Ryckman; Brunelle for McQuade. Georgetown—Foley for McGrath; Connaughton for Jawish; Murtagh for Sheehan; McNerey for Minihan; Murtagh for Flynn, Johnson for Murtagh; Moscow for Bush; Cashman for Gaffey; Cashman for Hegarty, Gaffey for Cashman; O'Neill for DeGassis.

Goals from Field: Groves (45-yard dropkick); Ryckman (20-yard placement kick).

Referee: Very (Penn State). Umpire: Hollenback (Penn). Field Judge: Crooks (Penn). Head Linesman: Newelle (Swarthmore). Time of Periods: 15 minutes.

Gunnery Sergt. Clarence Kyle—end—has played with the Marine team for 3 years, formerly playing end on the powerful Great Lakes Training Station team during the war. Prior to this Kyle had played only high school football. An all-around athlete—pitched on the Marine baseball team in 1924, defeating some of the best college teams in the East.



The Infantry Gridders (Fourth Army Corps) and the Marine Eleven tangle at the Griff Stadium Nov. 1. The Army teams are taking two cracks at the Marine team this year. The Fourth Corps-Marine game promises to rival the Third Corps-Marine classic which is to be held in Baltimore on December 6. This Army team piled up 41 points against Birmingham Southern last Saturday. There is a spirit of rivalry between the Army and the Marines which makes a game between the two elevens more interesting than any ordinary college game.

Last year the Third Corps won every game played until the Marines proved to be a Waterloo for them.

In Smythe, the Army certainly has a star. He is with the Fourth Corps and will be seen in the game on Nov. 1. He is the man who has made seven touchdowns in the three games played this season. It is quite evident that the Army has a rival of Goettge. Smythe has made runs this season of 60, 54, 36, 34 and 22 yards, all of which resulted in touchdowns.

McQuarrie of the same team is an All-American football star and is one of West Point's former stars. All in all the game on Nov. 1 promises to be interesting.

♦ ♦ ♦

SOME BATTLE!

Though football scores I seldom heed,
Or know each play by name,
I'll tell the world I sure did read
About that Nashville game.

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MARINE BALL IN QUAKER CITY

More than 1,200 persons are expected to attend the annual Marine Ball, to be held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, November 7. It has been announced that Major General Lejeune has accepted the honorary chairmanship of the ball, and that a number of theatrical stars and entertainers will lend their services between dances. The ball will be held under the auspices of the Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post, No. 186, of the American Legion. Mrs. Theodore W. Reath, mother of the Marine who lost his life in France, for whom the post is named, has been appointed honorary vice chairman. Captains Fay and Harley of the Marine Corps are assisting in making preparations for the ball.

TENTH REGIMENT AFTER NEW ATHLETIC LAURELS

For possessing the real spirit of sport, and a keen praiseworthy interest in all things athletic, the Tenth Regiment at Quantico can hardly be excelled.

With a total strength of slightly over four hundred men, it is sure to have an entry into every field of sport and these entries generally prove of championship calibre.

Not content with winning the Post Championship of the Inner-Post Baseball League, before the bat bags and bases have been stored away for the winter, the Tenth is already underway with a football team that shows promise of a most creditable season and which will prove worthy of any amateur team of its own class, either in or out of the Service.

Ever encouraged in sports by Lieutenant Colonel Underwood, Regimental Commander; Lieutenant Rhodes, Coach, and Lieutenant Lemley, Manager, together with 1st Sergeant Grady of Parris Island football fame, the Tenth promises a team which will prove worthy of its record in the field of sports.

With an initial squad of some 35 candidates who possess an average weight of about 172 pounds, the team is hard at practice each day, and when these men hit their opponent's line for the first time the latter will be under the impression that the Artillery boys have camouflaged a small tractor or two into a football uniform, instead of just an ordinary man.

The Tenth opens its season on October 18 at New York City, playing the initial game against the Navy Yard Barracks Detachment. During the remainder of the season the team expects to play such

organizations as the Barracks Detachments at Charleston, S. C., Norfolk, Va., Parris Island, S. C., Lakehurst, N. J., and League Island, Philadelphia, Pa. The dating of the above games has not been completed and several dates are open. The Tenth is anxious to hear from any team, either in or out of the service. All communications should be addressed to Lieut. W. C. Lemley, Headquarters, 10th Regiment, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

W. A. K.

LEATHERNECKS BRING HOME THE BACON

October 19, 1924—The Marine Barracks Football Team met and defeated the strong Naval Hospital Team by the score of 25 to 0. The game was played on the Monument Grounds. The "Devil Dogs" outwitted the "Doctors" as early as the second play of the game, Beachley carrying the ball 48 yards for the first touchdown. Beachley again starred when, with four yards to go he plunged through for another touchdown. A fumble by the "Doctors" on their own 20-yard line was the beginning of the third touchdown, Crowder recovering and going across for the third touchdown. Litzenberg captured a punt and ran 43 yards for the final touchdown. In the last quarter, the Naval Team rallied, and held the Marines scoreless. The entire Marine Team showed great improvement since their game with Mercury A. C. last Sunday. Musselman, Erwin and Bechhole were the outstanding stars for the losers.

MARINES	NAVAL HOSPITAL
Abban _____	Left End _____ Brackman
Connolle _____	Left Tackle _____ Sapp
Brown _____	Left Guard _____ Secrest
Refuse _____	Center _____ Lynch
Wanamaker _____	Right Guard _____ Bruce
Ballentine _____	Right Tackle _____ Estes
Crowder _____	Rear End _____ Barr
Driscoll _____	Quarter _____ Bechhole
Litzenberg _____	Left Half _____ Russett
Beachley _____	Right Half _____ Freeman
Morris _____	Full Back _____ Erwin
Marine Barracks _____	7 6 12 0—25
U. S. Naval Hospital _____	0 0 0 0—0

Touchdowns: Beachley, 2; Crowder, Litzenberg. Tries for Goal: Beachley (1 out of 2), Litzenberg (missed), Driscoll (missed). Substitutions: U. S. Naval Hospital—Wyckman for Bruce; Rowzie for Secrest; Musselman for Freeman. Marines—Cox for Driscoll; Lyman for Brown; Pumphrey for Wanamaker; Green for Lyman; Alter for Pumphrey; Driscoll for Cox; Hamilton for Abban.

NAVAL STATION SPORTS FROM NEW ORLEANS

There was no football game on the local gridiron last Sunday, so the Algiers Tigers, of which the Naval Station is a part, entertained the vast throng which had gathered, by a stiff scrimmage. With the addition of the Naval Station boys on the Tigers' team, they have a line that is formidable. The Tigers play their first league game next Sunday.

Much enthusiasm has been aroused since the completion of the volleyball court. A great many sharks are in our midst and we are booking games with outside teams. At present we are contemplating the lighting of the court so we can play at night. If our team develops and comes through as we think it will, we will snatch all the bacon at the next Olympics.

Several days ago a punching-bag rig was set up in the lower end of the Mess Hall, and you can hear bangings any time of the day. Sgt. Eugene F. Smith seems to be pretty clever at the art.

DEWITT T. CAIN,
Tptr., U. S. Marine Corps.

TELEPHONE 359

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Lieut. Col. J. J. Meade.
Maj. D. L. S. Brewster.
Capt. L. B. Reagan.
1st Lieut. F. S. Chappelle.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Greecy.
Maj. J. R. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
1st Lieut. D. E. Keyhoe.

RECENT ORDERS

The following orders are announced:

October 15, 1924

Maj. J. Dixon—Detached M. B., Navy
Yard, New York, N. Y., to M. B.,
N. A. S., Lakehurst, N. J.
1st Lieut. S. P. Corning—Dismissed as
of Oct. 3, 1924.
Mar. Gunner M. Micken—Detached
Dept. of Pacific, to M. B., Navy
Yard, Mare Island, Calif.

October 16, 1924

Capt. J. P. Schwerin—Detached M. C. B.,
San Diego, Calif., to M. B., N. S.,
Guam.
1st Lieut. V. N. Guymon—On Oct. 28,
1924, detached M. B., N. O. B.,
Hampton Roads, Va., to 1st Brig.,
Haiti.
1st Lieut. S. Hakala—On Oct. 26, 1924,
detached M. B., N. F., Navy Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H., to 1st Brig.,
Haiti.

October 17, 1924

Capt. William H. Davis—Detached
Hdq. Dept. of the Pacific, to M. B.,
N. O. B., Pearl Harbor, T. H.

October 18, 1924

Maj. Howard H. Kipp—Detached M.
B., Navy Yard, Mare Island, Calif.,
to Hdqrs Marine Corps, Washington,
D. C.
1st Lieut. Charles D. Baylis—Detached
M. B., Navy Yard, Washington, D.
C., to M. B., Parris Island, S. C.

October 20 and 21, 1924

No orders.

MARINE CORPS ORDERS

Smith, Earl O., 8-2-24, M. B., N. Yd.,
Washington.
Lawton, William E., 8-14-24, M. B.,
Philadelphia.

Cassels, James, 8-14-24, Depot, Phila-
delphia.

Schweighardt, Ferdinand, 8-13-24, M.
B., N. A. D., Dover.

Wilson, William F., 8-13-24, M. F. F.,
Quantico.

Brown, Charles G., 8-13-24, M. F. F.,
Quantico.

William B. Eulass, 9-16-24, Marine
Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Joel G. Thacker, 9-16-24, Marine Bar-
racks, Parris Island, S. C.

Joseph B. Lewis, 9-15-24, Marine Bar-
racks, Charleston, S. C.

John A. Connor, 9-18-24, Marine Bar-
racks, Norfolk, Va.

Julius W. Sanford, 9-17-24, Marine
Barracks, Parris Island, S. C.

Charles J. Eide, 9-24-24, Marine Bar-
racks, Quantico, Va.

Officers

Kuhl, Herbert E., Q. M. Clk. (retired)
—Died September 1, 1924, of disease at
Aurora, Colo. Next of kin: Mrs. Mabel
A. Kuhl, widow, 1324 Dayton St., Au-
rora, Colo.

Enlisted Men

Forsyth, Charles V., Pvt.—Died Sep-
tember 16, 1924, of disease at Washing-
ton, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Dorothy
Forsyth, mother, 515 Birch St., Camden,
N. J.

Jones, Lewis P., 1st Sgt.—Died Sep-
tember 3, 1924, of disease at Port au
Prince, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Nellie
A. Jones, widow, 612 W. 135th St., New
York, N. Y.

Philstrom, Verner O., Pvt.—Died Sep-
tember 16, 1924, at Plymouth, Mass.,
from injuries received in a motorcycle
accident. Next of kin: Mrs. Clara
Philstrom, mother, Cambridge, Minn.

(Continued from page 1)

this entertainment lasted until midnight,
when Chow Bumps was sounded. Now
here is where Sergeant Klein is boosted
another notch. As we only expected a
crowd of 400 or so, we had tables set
for only that number. Sergeant Klein
arranged things so that 400 were seated
at the tables helping themselves while
the others were served in the Ballroom.
To make a long story short, everybody
had plenty to eat.

After the meal they again returned to
the hall and danced until 2 a. m. As
usual, the old cry was heard, "When do
we dance again." Sergeant Major Thorp
then made an announcement of the com-
ing Masque Ball on Saturday evening,
November 1, and everyone is on his tip-
toes awaiting the coming affair.

WEEKLY REPORT

Marine Corps Institute

October 18, 1924

Total number individuals en- rolled	7,566
Total number individuals en- rolled since last report.....	56
Total number individuals disen- rolled since last report.....	214
Number of examination papers received during week.....	980
Number of examination papers received during the year.....	46,709
Total number of graduates to date	1,714

WATCH THIS DATE IN THE
LEATHERNECK.

To show the boys that the affair was
up to snuff and appreciated, Lieutenant
Colonel Campbell, our Commanding Offi-
cer, had the word passed after the dance
that any one wishing 48 hours liberty
could have same by asking for it.

Among the distinguished guests who
attended the dance was Judge Traynor
of the Court of Special Sessions of New
York, Mr. M. E. Brown, Assistant Com-
missioner of the Department of Plant
and Structures of New York City, Capt.
H. V. Butler, Capt. S. V. Graham, Capt.
H. T. Wright, U. S. Navy, and Lieut.
Col. Chandler Campbell, U. S. M. C., our
Commanding Officer.

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Every general superintendent is looking for competent superintendents and foremen

"SUPERINTENDENTS who are ordinarily competent are easy to find, but every general superintendent knows how difficult it is find the superior man," says General Superintendent Vere C. Sutton, of the Muncie Products Company, a subsidiary of the General Motors Corporation at Muncie, Ind.

"The superior man," continues Mr. Sutton, "not only will do his own work and keep his own men working, but he will analyze his men and their work. He has more initiative than those working under him. He knows, where others may only suspect. He acts, while others wonder what to do.

"Wideawake superintendents understand that if they would not lose their jobs to somebody better equipped, they must study to stay where they are, and to go up higher."

Which is exactly what Frank Binder did. Forty foremen started on an equality with him in the three plants of the Muncie Products Company. Binder, not satisfied to be a good foreman, began to study, hoping that some day he would be something more than a foreman in charge of a small department. Always quick, his alertness of mind increased as did also his knowledge of the business of manufacturing automobile parts. He became something more than a "practical man." Soon he knew, where others

only suspected; he acted, while older men who had worked longer for the company wondered what to do. And today Frank Binder is Superintendent of Plant Number Two of the Muncie Products Company.

"The employer who enlightens his men by inducing them to study the problems of his business, not only makes for their greater happiness, but he profits financially as well, as do also his men," says General Superintendent Sutton. "He saves his company and its employees from many of the losses and injuries to mind and body traceable to ignorance."

Through the I. C. S., Frank Binder, Superintendent and Vere C. Sutton, General Superintendent, profited as did also the Muncie Products Company. Others, looking within their own organization, can profit by sending in to the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, the names of wideawake young men in their employ, and by personally encouraging them to engage in spare-time study. No obligation is involved. Simply give the prospective student's name and full address, state whether your name may be used in writing him (your name held in confidence if you desire), indicate the work he is now doing, and suggest the course in which he should be interested. Write today.

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